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IN MEMORIAM.

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EVERT JANSEN WENDELL
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L Moon, A. M.
A collection of
miscellaneous writings.

n. p. 1863-1881]



LIEUT LEEVES, 1ST FOOT GUARDS, 1773.

(Afterward, the Rev. William Leeves, Rector of Wington, 1789)

Engraved by H. E. Taylor, London & Brighton. (From an Oil Painting.)

In Memoriam.

THE REV. W. LEEVES,

AUTHOR OF

THE AIR OF

“AULD ROBIN GRAY.”

WITH A FEW NOTICES OF OTHER MEMBERS

OF HIS FAMILY.

PRINTED FOR PRIVATE CIRCULATION.

1873.

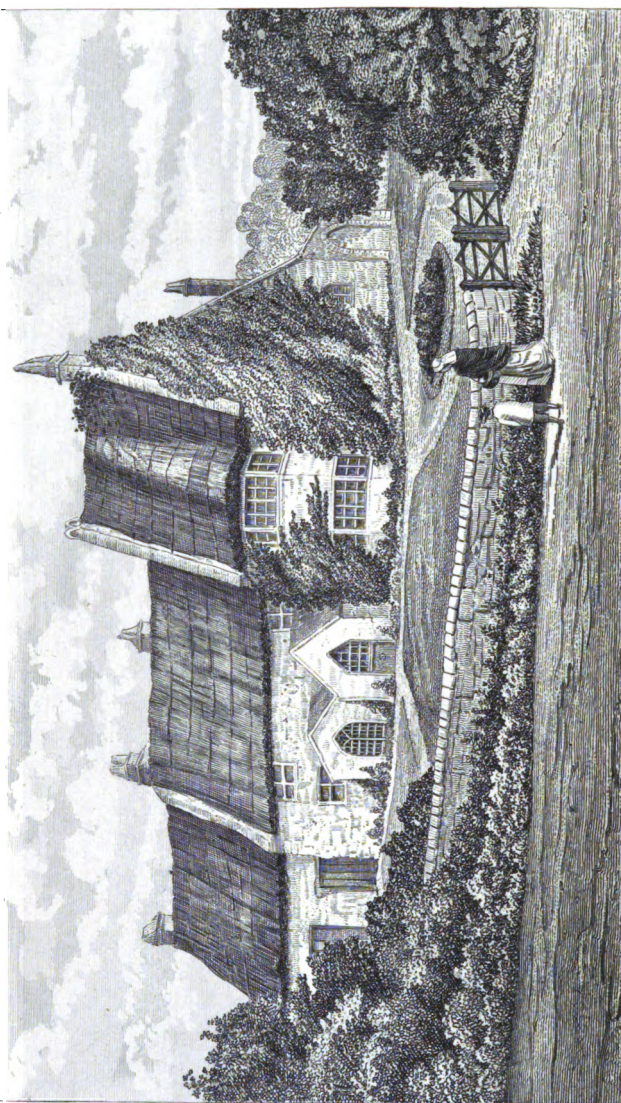
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FROM
THE BEQUEST OF
EVERT JANSEN WENDELL
1918

TO A BELOVED MOTHER,
THE FOLLOWING PAGES ARE
MOST AFFECTIONATELY INSCRIBED, BY
THE AUTHOR.

A FEW
LITERARY REMAINS
AND
NOTICES OF THE LIFE
OF THE
REV. WILLIAM LEEVES.



Bridge. Engraver: Brignall.

"LEAVES COTTAGE" WESTON-SUPER-MARE.
Built by the Rev W. Leaves, Composer of "Auld Robin Gray".

A BRIEF INTRODUCTORY NOTICE
OF THE
REV. W. LEEVES AND HIS FAMILY.

William Leeves, son of Henry Leeves, Esq., of Kensington, was born June 11th, 1748. He entered His Majesty's 1st Regiment of Foot Guards, as Ensign, June 20th, 1769, and received a Lieutenant's Commission Feb. 3rd, 1772. In 1779 he took Holy Orders, and was appointed to the living of Wrington, in Somersetshire, where he resided as Rector for nearly fifty years. It is a remarkable circumstance that his predecessor, the Rev. Dr. Waterland, occupied the same position for a similar period; so that the parishioners of Wrington had only two Pastors during the course of a century! The love and reverence shown to the author's Grandfather and his Family by his parishioners, which so much impressed her mind in childhood, still vividly recur to her recollection.

The memory of Dr. Waterland has ever been precious to the surviving members of his family; and judging from the esteem and veneration in which he is still held by his great grandchildren, he also must have been one of "the excellent of the earth."

The Rev. W. Leeves married Anne Wathen (third

daughter of Dr. Wathen*), May 4th, 1786. She possessed great musical talent, and remarkable skill in playing the violin. They resided together at Wrington for 48 years, and devoted themselves to promote, among their parishioners, harmony, love, peace, and comfort; similar to those enjoyed in their own happy and delightful home.

They had five children: William Henry, Henry Daniel, Marianne, Elizabeth, and George.

William Henry, the eldest, spent his life at Wrington, where he was born. He was "a good man, and a just." Music and Nature were his delight. He had a bass voice of surpassing power and depth, which, in leading the singing, filled the beautiful Wrington Church as with the deep rich mellow tones of an organ.

William Henry never married; and although educated for the Law, did not practise. He died at Wrington, in 1840, at the age of 53; and was interred near to the Chancel door. His tomb † is situated within a short distance of that of Mrs. Hannah More.

Henry Daniel took Holy Orders.

Marianne was married in 1810 to the Rev. Robinson Elsdale, D.D. (a college friend of her brother Henry, at

* Dr. Wathen was a London Physician of eminence. He had three daughters. The eldest was married to Henry Wise, Esq.; the second, Katherine, to John Eckersall, Esq.; and the third, Anne, to the Rev. William Leeves.

† Miss E. Leeves, who died suddenly at Wrington, whilst on a visit from a distant part of the country (Brighton) in 1866, was interred in the same grave. The tomb for her brother and herself she had many years previously designed, leaving room upon it for her own inscription. Her desire to lie in the same grave with her brother was thus, in God's dispensation, signally realised.

Oxford); and annually, with her husband, visited her parents at Wrington, till their death.

Elizabeth (or "Bessy") never married, but lived with her parents to the last, soothing them in their declining years. After her mother's death, in 1826, she and her brother William remained with their father, who, though afflicted by the loss of his "dear partner," was full of praise and thankfulness for his children, and the happy life and innumerable blessings he had enjoyed.

George, the youngest, with a love for the sea, became a Midshipman in the Royal Navy; but afterwards retired from the service. He went to America, and settled there. He married an American lady, to whom he was deeply attached, and had a large family; all of whom are married. Many years after the death of his first wife, he married another American lady, who was a comfort to him in his declining days. This branch is now the only one to perpetuate the (unusual) name of Leeves, which was formerly spelt *Leaves*, as it appears in some parts of *Doomsday Book*, wherein the family name has been traced so far back as to the time of Edward the Confessor.

The Rev. Henry Daniel Leeves devoted a great part of his life to the spiritual and temporal welfare of the Greeks. He translated the Scriptures into the modern Greek, and distributed them (for the Bible Society) throughout the land.* At the time of the Greek Insurrection, he succoured many fugitive Greeks, concealed them in his house, saved them from death by the hands of the Turks, provided them with food and clothing, and sent them "on their way rejoicing," full of gratitude and

* *Vide* p. 105.

praise. He was beloved and respected by all who knew him, and died at Beirut, whilst on his way to Jerusalem. His death was indeed the "death of the righteous."

Sometime after his death, which took place in 1845, his faithful Greek Steward, Diamanti, when lying asleep in the early morning in his balcony, was shot by some Greeks.

But, alas! a deeper tragedy ensued on the night of August 28th, 1854; Mr. Leeves's son and his wife were murdered in their house at Kastaniotissa, Eubœa, by the son of the priest of the village (and others), to whom the family had shown much kindness.

On the 8th of October, their desolate and widowed mother, Mrs. Leeves, was obliged to give evidence at the trial of the murderers at Chalcis. They were condemned and executed; and all the Greeks, who were much attached to the Leeves family (particularly in memory of the Rev. H. D. Leeves), were anxious for this expiation of their crime.

The infant child, who was in the room at the time of the murder, was providentially preserved; but died shortly afterwards, on the 24th of November.

"AULD ROBIN GRAY."

About the year 1770, the Rev. W. Leeves, then a young Officer in the Foot Guards, of about 22 years of age, received from the Hon. Mrs. Byron, who had them from Lady Anne Lindsay, the words of "Auld Robin Gray;" and "composed for them his beautiful Recitative

and Air." These, with six Sacred Airs, he dedicated, in 1812, to Thomas Hammersley, Esq; * on whose death he wrote the following lines :

"Much-valued friend, Farewell ! The just command
Of Him, whose cause thou hast maintain'd on earth,
Has call'd thee to enjoy His blest abode !—
To quit a family, whose tender care,
And sweet attentions, had entwined so close
Around a heart of sympathetic mould,
As faintly to pourtray celestial joys.
Yet firm thine exit !—blest with all the calmness
A patient hope of everlasting life
Secures to the believer. Friend, Farewell !—
The dulcet melodies of early years
Swell with such sweet remembrance o'er my mind,
That I can only nurse the fond desire
Of joining thee in *endless* harmony !"

At Wrington, surrounded by beautiful scenery, where Locke was born, and Hannah More lived, the Author of "*Auld Robin Gray*" pursued his "happy life ;" in ministrations to his people, in literature, music, and intercourse with numerous friends. He came to the close of his life, like "a shock of corn fully ripe," and was gently gathered into the heavenly garner.

May the peace which gilded his path in life, rest on ours also; and may the remembrance of his spirit of love, in so far as he followed Christ, influence our daily walk and conversation !

* *Vide* p. 40.

The Leeves Family were ever energetic in works of charity, and in the promotion of true religion; "feeding the hungry," and "binding up the broken-hearted." Indeed, it may be said that, to them, the promises were fulfilled, "Blessed is he that considereth the poor and needy. The Lord shall deliver him in the time of trouble; the Lord will make all his bed in his sickness." So it happened to all of these. *He* was with them; His "rod and His staff" *did* comfort them; and with smiles of peace and joy, they passed to the mansions prepared for them in their "Father's house" above!

A. M. M.

INSCRIPTION ON A TABLET

*Placed in the Chancel of Wrington Church, by the
REV. WILLIAM LEEVES.*

IN THIS CHANCEL ARE INTERRED THE MORTAL REMAINS OF

ANNE,

THE AMIABLE AND BELOVED WIFE OF
THE REV. WM. LEEVES, RECTOR OF THIS PARISH,
WHO DIED FEBRUARY 14TH, 1826, IN HER 71ST YEAR.

TO RECORD A
LIFE

OF HUMBLE RELIANCE ON A REDEEMER, AND A
DEATH

OF PATIENT RESIGNATION TO THE WILL OF GOD,
THIS TABLET IS ERECTED BY HER GRATEFUL PARTNER
DURING A COURSE OF FORTY YEARS.

Of such domestic worth, in accents weak
Though strong th' impression, it were vain to speak :
'This truth all must allow, with one accord,
A tender, prudent wife is from the Lord.

INSCRIPTION ON A TABLET

*Formerly in the Chancel, now in the Porch of Wrington
Church.*

IN MEMORY OF THE

REVEREND WILLIAM LEEVES,

SON OF HENRY LEEVES, ESQ.,

WHO WAS FOR NEARLY FIFTY YEARS RECTOR OF THIS
PARISH.

His sincere piety, and the mild and conscientious tenor of his life,
secured him the respect of his parishioners, and their regret at his loss ;
whilst his surviving family remember him as the good
Father, Husband, and Master.

Music was his delight, and one of his early compositions
was the well-known air of "Auld Robin Gray."
Surrounded by his children, he died in peace and thankfulness, humbly
confiding in the merits of his Redeemer,
on the morning of Whit-Sunday, May 25, 1828, in the 80th year of his age.

IN THE SAME VAULT IN THIS CHURCH ARE INTERRED

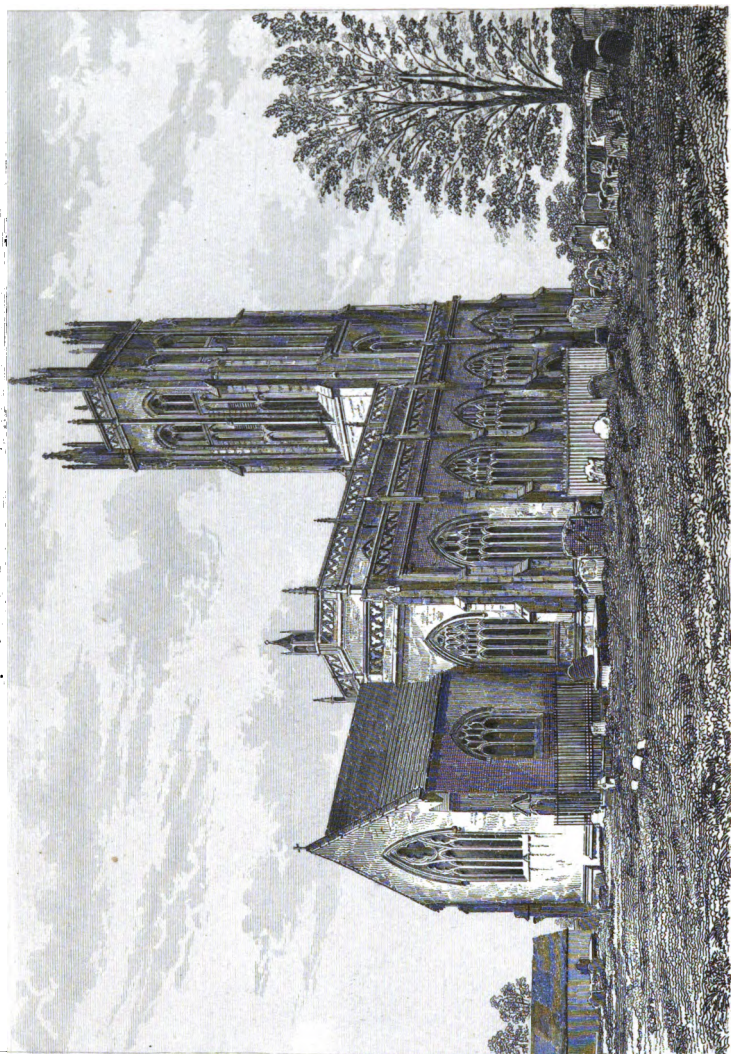
THE REMAINS OF

ANNE LEEVES, HIS BELOVED WIFE,

DAUGHTER OF SAMUEL WATHEN, M.D.

Ardent in her feelings, benevolent and disinterested, she was the object of
warm attachment to those around her. Long and severe sufferings
tried her faith, patience, and resignation, before she was
called to her rest, on the 14th of February, 1826,
in the 71st year of her age.

THE
LAST DAYS
OF
MRS. ELSDALE.



Engraved by D. Taylor London Bridge, E.C.

WRINGTON CHURCH.
SOMERSETSHIRE.



THE LAST DAYS
OF
MRS. ELSDALE,

Widow of the REV. ROBINSON ELSDALE, D.D., formerly Incumbent of Stretford, and Highmaster of the Manchester Free Grammar School.

Since the foregoing pages were written, my beloved mother (Mrs. Elsdale), in her 84th year, has passed away to the "rest that remaineth for the people of God."

The addition of a brief memorial of her has been thought desirable, and a requisite sequel to the former reminiscences of the Leeves family.

For about eight years and a-half she had suffered from various physical afflictions; but, amidst them all, her praises and thanksgivings were constantly raised to her Heavenly Father for all His great mercies and benefits towards her.

During about seven years (since my marriage), her almost daily correspondence with me was but little

interrupted except from incapacity caused by attacks of illness, and the occasions of my annual visits to her.

My last visit commenced on the 11th of June, 1874, and was continued during seven weeks, till the day of her death.

Although for several years she had been suffering from paralysis of the left side, her mind was calm and her "intellect clear" to the last. In consequence of her helplessness, she had to be wheeled in her chair to the head of the table in the dining-room, where she would often remain after breakfast, occupying her time in reading, writing, and conversing. Until the day of her death, she was generally present both at the morning and evening family prayers at half-past eight.

It was wonderful and very touching to see the patience and cheerfulness with which she bore her various infirmities, feeling that "underneath" her were "the Everlasting Arms." She once remarked, "The Lord has dealt very wisely with me."

In writing to me a week before my last visit, she said, "In faith and hope I now wait, and watch, and pray for the sweet joy and delight of the heavenly state. I am, I trust, ripening for heaven."

She would sometimes "talk of heaven so earnestly," as to weep with joy at the thought of meeting all her beloved ones there, and of dwelling in the presence of her Lord for ever; and to exclaim, "I want to go to heaven! Oh! glorious place!—such as no one can ever conceive of!"

Music delighted and soothed her; and when seemingly unable to bear with other things, she would, with great pleasure, sit and listen to it for a long time, and occasionally

attempt to join in singing, as though anticipating the praises of God in heaven. She was frequently reading the New Testament, a favorite book of Prayers, the "Mountains of Bread" series, and other sweet little books, which staid and refreshed her wearied spirit while lingering on the confines of mortality, and stretching its pinions ready to depart from its failing earthly tabernacle. Once, when reading to her the 77th Psalm, and arriving at the 8th verse, "Is His mercy clean gone for ever, and is His promise come utterly to an end for evermore?" she exclaimed with much fervour, "No, it isn't; I *know* it isn't!"

Daily, with her unparalysed right hand (having a weight on the paper to steady it) she wrote to one or more of her "dear children," or friends.

When I took my leave of her to return to Brighton on the morning of the 29th of July, she gave me one of her frequent, fervent, and touching blessings; and from her earnest desire to see the last of me in my departure, she accompanied me, with her devoted attendant, in the carriage to the station. She seemed to enjoy the drive, and talked of coming to Brighton again "someday." On returning, she called at a friend's house, and spoke of late occurrences. On arriving at home again, after dining, she wrote a letter to one of my brothers, and afterwards commenced one to me. She seemed very restless towards the evening. One of her kind attendants finished reading to her "Naomi and Ruth" (in "Mountains of Bread" series), which she much enjoyed; and on hearing the lines,

"I shall wear a glittering crown on my brow :
If ever I loved thee, my Jesus, 'tis now,"

she desired them to be read a second time. She afterwards supped in the balcony, enjoying the sweet refreshing air, which was always grateful to her. At about 10 o'clock she was attacked with another stroke of paralysis, and after an interval of five minutes, without a sigh or struggle, she passed away,

“ Safe in the arms of Jesus ! ”

“ Her departure was most peaceful ; and she looked indeed (after death) more sweetly asleep than she had done for a long time, and her calm face resumed much of its former aspect.”

“ They die in Jesus, and are bless'd ;
How kind their slumbers are !
From sufferings and from sins released,
And freed from every snare.”

Such was her delightful release from a world of sin ! So sudden, so peaceful, so happy a transit from earth to heaven ! Her sweet spirit was loosed so gently, that the loving watchers knew not the moment of its flight, and would fain believe it still present with them ! Ah ! mercies are inexhaustible ! In the smallest circumstances attending this event, they were most evident ; attesting the protecting care and love of our Heavenly Father, who very tenderly pitieth His children.

We do indeed, with humble and thankful reverence, glorify and praise God that this beloved one is now emancipated from suffering,—that the gates of pain and weakness, of sin and sorrow, are closed behind her for ever,—and that she has entered into the joy of her Lord in mansions of eternal glory ! She who was content here

on earth to take a lowly place at the feet of Jesus, counting herself unworthy of His inestimable ministry of blessing, has been bidden to "come up higher," even to the seat of His glory, to the "innumerable company of angels" and "the spirits of the just made perfect,"—even to the "church of the firstborn!"

In the earlier part of her illness she was fearful about herself; but during my last visit, when speaking of her going to heaven, she said, "I see no reason to doubt it," and was full of the sweet hope and assurance of a blessed eternity. All praise be to Him "who doeth all things well;" who seeth the end from the beginning, and ar-rangeth our path in life, each day, as we are able to pursue it.

Two days before her death she said to me, "I wish I could walk!" little apprehensive, perhaps, how soon she would have her desire realised, and "walk in white" with Jesus.

She was often cheerful, even to mirth; and sitting near to her,—so that her imperfect speech could be more readily understood,—we had many lively and pleasant conversations. She was frequently visited, in turn, by her children, whom she was always delighted to see; who derived an affectionate and filial pleasure in her presence, and who "arise up, and call her blessed," besides doubtless many others who have had familiar acquaintance with her. She would say to all who visited her, "God bless you!" and to her own loved ones, "We shall meet in heaven!" as if that would quite compensate for all the painful separations here.

As I saw her on her last day on earth, and so many

days previously, with the drooping head and sinking form, and only the dear right hand exerting itself with the power left to it, she forcibly exemplified the sacred injunction, "Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might."

Her letters were full of power to console, support, revive, and stimulate in the faith and service of our blessed Lord; also breathing the deepest outpouring of a mother's love, as well as fervent ascriptions of praise and adoration to God for his love and mercy. These reminiscences are her best memorials; and life-treasures to those who survive her. And surely the prayers they breathed have brought down many blessings from heaven, and laid up treasures there; having doubtless been the means of drawing the hearts of many to Jesus, and of fixing their affections on things above.

During the last few weeks of her illness, her sleep greatly improved, and her repose at night was correspondingly good, when compared with her former weary, sleepless, restless state, which so greatly distressed her; and her morning salutation would often be the grateful expression, "Thank God, I have had another good night!" Thus the Lord tempered her affliction: "He stayeth His rough wind in the day of the east wind," and saith for the solace of His chastened weak ones, "As thy days, so shall thy strength be."

The springs of life being exhausted, she "fell asleep," and awoke with Jesus! Oh! wonderful awakening! Like many others, while standing here in the outer-court of the temple, she would endeavour to penetrate into its inner mysteries, but in vain. But now the vail is rent,

and the glory of the inner-court is disclosed to her enraptured vision: and only the narrow stream of death divides us !

She had long been lingering beside this stream, and we indulged the hope that she might yet be spared to us, until at one step she was carried across into the glorious land !

Thanks be to God, she needs not now to write or talk of Jésus ; seeing Him, as she now does, face to face, and being satisfied for ever in awaking up after His likeness. The end has now come to that wearisome probation, which she bore with such meek humility and patience; instructing us by her example, and her constant consideration of others, in the midst of her own physical incapacities and sufferings. For her, all the sorrow of the past is departed, and the joy of the present is realised, *never* to depart !

She was remarkable for her fervent piety and domestic virtues. She was beloved by all who knew her, and has left a large circle of relatives and friends to mourn her loss. But our sorrow is buried in her fulness of joy ! Our loss is her eternal gain !

On the last day of her life she heard read with much pleasure the following beautiful lines :

“Fair is our Promised Land !

And gloriously her mansions shine !

Art thou of Israel’s wand’ring band ?

Then all that land of light is thine !

On yonder steep hangs high thy crown,

There, where the new song now is sung ;

And He, who cast the angels down,

Holdeth for thee a harp new-strung,

Then place thy foot upon the rock,
 Thy hand upon the promised stay ;
 Fear thou no more the tempest's shock,
 For none shall rend thy foot away.

Oh ! mount up on faith's radiant wings,
 Press on the Promised Land to view ;
 Leave thou on earth thy tear-stain'd things,
 And join the song for ever new.

No more thy hands supinely fold,
 For ransom'd souls the way have trod :
 Soar up where Jesus led ! Behold
 The glorious City of our God !"

My beloved mother's remains were, in accordance
 with her own request, interred at Wrington, in her
 husband's grave.

All partings of anguish below,
 Will be lost in one meeting above ;
 The streamlets that here lonely flow,
 There blend in an ocean of love.

A. M. M., Oct. 26, 1874.

MRS. LEEVES,

Widow of the REV. H. D. LEEVES.

Within three months and a-half from the decease of my beloved mother, my dear aunt, Mrs. Leeves, widow of the Rev. H. D. Leeves, Chaplain to H.B.M. Legation at Athens, has also departed to her rest; to join the beloved ones whom she so deeply lamented, and to be "for ever with the Lord," and with the "great multitude" who cry with "a loud voice, saying, Salvation to our God which sitteth upon the throne, and unto the Lamb"—and "blessing, and honour, and glory, and power, be unto Him that sitteth upon the throne, and unto the Lamb for ever and ever."

Mrs. Leeves died of bronchitis, after eight days illness, at Hastings, on the 12th of December, 1874.

Thus has ended this generation of the Leeves family.

A. M. MOON, Jan. 25, 1875.

I love the Lord who changeth not
 (I know He loves us best †),—
 All other friends will pass away;
 In *Him* I'll take my rest !'

The flood of Jesu's love alone
 Can lave my griefs away,
 As wrecks upon a desert shore,
 In mem'ry's sunset ray.

Engulf'd beneath that priceless sea,
 They sink in caverns lost ;
 While crystal sparkles, pearly gems,
 Are to the surface toss'd :

Jewels, that lie deep down below
 The world's remotest ken ;
 The tears of penitence and love,
 That rise to Christ again.

With Him I'll sail on that deep flood,
 Wafted in endless peace ;
 His sun to shine, His hand to steer,
 Till shades and breakers cease !

A. M. M., July 14th, 1853.

† "We love Him because He first loved us."—1 JOHN iv. 19.

*Lines written for my beloved, numerous "Collectors," who
commenced August 21st, 1880, to take cards to collect
10s. each, for the Irish Society (Bruey Branch).*

PRINTED BY REQUEST.

Lord, send Thy Word to Erin's isle
In her loved *native* tongue,*
Thus, all her sorrows to beguile,
While songs of joy are sung.
Jesus, the Light of all the world
Come down and chase the gloom ;
For where Thy standard is unfurl'd
Peace, love, and joy shall bloom.

United by Thy mighty sway,
We join the League of Love†
Which, long years past, has led the way
To Thy bright courts above.
Lord, hold us in Thy powerful hand,
And bear us on our way,
A happy, joyous, prayerful band—
We have no *other* stay !

O, give us, Lord, some thousand souls
To learn, and do Thy will ;
And, as the Gospel river rolls,
May we, unwearied still

* According to the Census of 1861, more than one million of the people of Ireland spoke the Irish language, of whom 163,000 were returned as not speaking English. Through the operations of the Irish Society for the last fifty years, at least 150,000 Irish-speaking people have been taught to read the Holy Scriptures in their own tongue. It costs only five shillings to have one poor Irish person taught to read.—*Report*.

† The Irish Society was established in 1818.

Pour in the tributary streams
To swell the glorious tide,
Till, in the ocean of our dreams
Thy love, we e'er abide !

Lord, touch our lips with prophet's fire
To speak Thy healing name,
And satisfy our heart's desire
That *all* may grasp the same.
Let sad Hibernia slake her thirst
At living streams divine,
Her galling chains of error burst—
And all the praise be Thine !

Then, Liberty indeed she'll find
Wherewith the *Lord* makes free,
His servant rest, with willing mind,
To whom we bow the knee
And praise Him in continual love,
For all His boundless grace,
Until we dwell with Him above,
And see Him face to face !

So, Erin's Harp* that rests above,
Thron'd on the clouds of night,
Strung by the mighty power of love,
Wakes in her *Sun-dawn Light* !†
And rings the echoes of her past
To boundless praise and joy
Reaching, in circling waves, at last
To spheres without alloy !

A. M. MOON, *Hon. Sec.*,
Central Brighton Branch,
104, Queen's Road.

OCTOBER 16TH, 1880.

* This refers to Ireland's emblem ; a harp resting on dark clouds, and the sun rising in glory behind it, dispersing the clouds.

† " But unto you that fear My name, shall the Sun of righteousness arise with healing in His wings."—MAL. iv. 2.

A PRAYER FOR IRELAND.

PRINTED BY REQUEST.

Lord ! soothe our Erin's throbbing breast,
Her aching heart lay still,
And calm the waves of deep unrest
Within Thy holy will !
Lord, walk upon the turbid sea
Of human thoughts and fears,
And tread it down, till love to Thee
Is pressed from all its tears ;

Till rainbow hopes athwart the cloud
Ethereal beauty throw,
And, loving echoes sound aloud
From *God*, we long to know !
And with His promise in our path,
To guide our heavenward way,
Our hearts shall leap for joy, in faith
To see His glorious *Day* ! *

The Heaven of rest dawns on our view
With golden harps new-strung,
Where weary souls shall chant anew,
With never faltering tongue,
The endless record of *Thy* pain
Who *died* their life to save
And bear them up with Thee to reign,
Victorious o'er the grave !

* "Looking for and hasting unto the coming of the day of God."—
2 PETER iii. 12.

May *Erin's* future rise above
The dark impending gloom,
And halcyon days of peace and love
In radiance o'er her loom.
Lord, raise her early Church to shine, *
Revived by God's pure Word †
Effulgent in its light divine
And spirit piercing sword !

April 12th, 1881.

A. M. MOON, *Hon. Sec.*,
Central Brighton Branch,
104, Queen's Road.

* "In 1135 Pope Adrian (the Englishman) issued a bull granting to Henry II. lordship of Ireland on condition that he would *force the Irish Church to conform to the Church of Rome, then Papal*, and oblige every family to pay one penny to St. Peter and the Holy See. Henry conquered, and *with the sword forced the Roman Catholic religion on the Irish people.*"—IRELAND—PAST, PRESENT, AND FUTURE. Gleanings from History. By A. M. L.

† The "Irish Society," established in 1818, gives the people the Bible in the Irish language, and teaches them to read it.



*Trip to Horsmonden,
during Dr., Mrs., and Miss Moon's stay
at Tunbridge Wells, May 19, 1881.*

A glorious morn salutes our eyes,
As filled with hope and joy we rise,
And wend our way from Tunbridge Wells
Midst lovely hills, and flowery dells.
Horsmonden we reach at last
Where Dr. Moon* revives the past,
And shews the house where he was born
One bright, auspicious, fateful morn.

He mounts the stairs, and treads the floor
Where first his infant features wore
A smile of innocent delight,
Inspired by Heavenly fancies bright.
He prays, and thanks the God of love
For all His mercies from above,
For this existence He has given
To last eternally in Heaven !

* Inventor of Moon's System of Reading for the Blind ; himself blind.

It may be, in some future day
When we shall all have passed away,
That men shall say, here rose the *Moon*
Who gave the Blind that glorious boon,
To read, with speed by *fingers' ends*
The same as sight to numbers lends :
Therefore, we'll hope that *Moon*-light pleasures
May span the globe in circling treasures !

The Norman church with tower square,
Still gives the scene a sacred air
Where, dedicated to the Lord,
†William has heard His holy Word.
While Addie trips the bright green sward,
The cuckoo's plaintive tone is heard
Reminding us, hopes rise again
From years not wholly spent in vain.

The Park is strewn with oaks and elms,
Where beauty all the landscape whelms ;
Water and wood, sun glancing beam
And happiness around us gleam.
The bluebell studs the grassy mound,
I seize and press it, as if found
The youthful hopes that melt away
And vanish, like the dreams of day.

The lovely flower brings back to view
Sweet childhood's days, when all was new,
We plucked it, azure as the skies,
Enraptured with its glorious dyes ;
We felt that it was fresh from Heaven
A link thereto, and therefore given
To weld our souls to worlds above,
And bind our hearts in purest love.

† William is Dr. Moon's christian name.

Goudhurst we reach, and there have tea,
A hav'n of rest is found for me,
While they explore this pleasant land
Where children sport, a happy band.
In easy Landau we return,
While swelling hearts within us burn
To see the Spring with opening charms
Embrace all nature in her arms.

To Lamberhurst, and Pembury
Through lanes embow'ed in trees we fly,
And, as we linger midst the vale
Sweet early mem'ries swell the tale.
We reach our home, and praise the Lord
For all His peace, and all His Word,
With rest, and joy dispensed to those
Who in His grace, and love repose.

Through life's journey, warp and woof †
Of prayer and answer, form a proof
Of mighty love from God to man,
According with His wondrous plan
To make us lean, like bending reeds
Upon His stronghold in our needs,
His refuge for our souls to claim,
And trust our all on His great name !

† This idea was taken from a Sermon of the Rev. — Townsend, Trinity Church.

EVENING PRAYER.

Jesus ! I lean upon Thy breast,
My sure, and only lasting stay ;
I *pray* Thee give me perfect rest,
And strength still equal to my day :
A rest in *Thee*, for none beside
Can smooth life's rugged, devious way,
And let me not stray far and wide
From Thee, the glorious Light of day !

O, let me cling unto my rest
And lay my heavy burden down,
For Thou Lord knowest what is best,
To bear "the cross before the crown."
And can I ever hope to wear
A crown of joy in Heaven above ?
* Yea, Lord, for *Thou* my sins didst bear,
And Thy eternal name is *Love* ! †

A. M. MOON.

Sion House, Mount Sion,
May 19th, 1881.

* Isaiah liii. 4, 5.

† "I and my Father are one."—JOHN x. 30.



*Lines written on the evening of a day spent at
Plumpton (12 miles from Brighton) by Dr. Moon
and friends, St. Swithin, July 15th, 1881.*

A friend of days long past, said, "write some lines;"
For we shall pass from Brighton's bliss, to mines
Of wealth and beauty, raised above the sod
By the all-fructifying hand of God!
We braved the heat, and rested in the shade,
While flutt'ring breezes on our scorched brows played
Like dreams of Eden, mixed with this world's glare,
An under-current to the sad, and sair.

The village gained, we find our friends of old
Charmed to revive the ties of mortal mould;
While illness and affliction, clear the sight
Which pierces to the Heavenly realms of light—
Now seize the rays of joy, while mirth prevails,
And love and happiness e'er swell the sails
Of each calm vessel, gliding o'er time's sea
Swift to the ocean of eternity!

The day is passed, as other days on earth,
 With more or less of joy, and peace, and worth.
 We homeward drive, by beauty's chosen route,
 While of the morning's heat we reap the fruit.
 Bless'd breezes steal o'er fevered frame and mind,
 So softly blows the whispering, cooling wind
 Breathing of Heavenly airs, and joys complete
 When Christ, and all our loved ones we shall meet !

The "Downs" soft outlines rise before our view,
 Em'rald and harmonious, while the dew
 Sinks in the bosom of each lonely hill
 Scarred by time's rocks, and pierced by trickling rill.
 Faintly, in distance, dawns old Hayward's Heath
 A crest of clouds of gorgeous hues beneath :
 Clouds that are building up a Heavenly site,
 While flecks from angels' wings seem tears of light.

The pedestrian trio mount the hill,
 While **Moon*-light in the carriage resteth still.
 Entranced with nature's face in evening shades,
 We linger midst the deep green, velvet glades.
 Alderney cows in dusky beauty, file,
 Their loving, liquid eyes meet ours the while.
 Arborous majesty, in Park of Paine,
 Suggests, in this fair spot calm joys should reign.

*Dr. Moon remained in the Barouche.

How sweet the prospect of that glorious time
When *all* shall render to the *Great Sublime*
Ecstatic love and praise, swelling the heart,
Whelming the mem'ry of earth's keenest dart.
To be immersed in *God*, and one with Him,
That only, fills our cup, beyond the brim
O'erflowed with joy supreme : rays from *His* Sun,
We must be gathered into *Him*, in one.

Eleven Fanes, arise on our brief way,
Blessing the landscape, as they peaceful lay
Pointing to Heaven—with slender, piercing spires
Calling to the angels' rapturous quires !
Brighthelmstone gained, with grateful hearts for all
God's mercies past, for *more* to Him we eall !
And mem'ry paints the joyance of the way
That notched time's shining wing, this brilliant day!

A. M. MOON,

104, QUEEN'S ROAD, BRIGHTON.

July 15th, 1881.



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